

The Subiects Thankfulnesse:

E. O. R.
God-a-mercie good Scot,

To the tune of, *Blow Cap for mee.*



Long time hath swat England injoy'd her peace,
under the god government of prudent Kings,
Since Royall Elizabeth that Queen did cease,
those jars in this nation her same ever rings,
And in the next after that doe her succed,
as James of the Scots, a god King indeed,
Our gracious King Charles he also begot,
whom God still preserue here & blesse that god Scot.

Who causeith Projectors to hang down the head,
they now from their projects begin to shrink back,
Promoters, Informers, with grief are half dead,
because they're afraid their old trading to lack;
I think they'll beyond sea to frolick and play,
after Giles mum Parson who led them the way,
If Empson and Dudley have left them by lot
a twist thred is spun, God-a-mercy good Scot.

How hie were they flown on the wings of their hope
whilst they by their projects increase their bags,
Their Pattens for pins, for Tobacco and sope,
for glasses, for leather, for pipes and for rags;

False Vice and false Cards for, besides a great fine,
they yearly receiv'd by inbanching of wine
The tide now is turning, let's drinke tother pot
and merrily sing God-a-mercy good Scot.

To play at bopépe now our papists doe strive
since they were commanded away to begonne;
Who late with the devill a bargaine did drive
but now to themselves he hath left them alone
The peace of this kingdome they sought for to marr
to change our songht plentie to famine and wart:
But now it is thought tha'te pay the whole shott
when the reckning is drawne, God-a-mercy &c.

Where are these prond Papists that stradle so wide
let them to Rome like Pilgrims range
For such as doth think the whole mone to bestride
cannot proceed long ere they met with a change;
They have tread on our Nobles to trample them down
to set up their miters above the Kings Crowne,
That e're has was Clarke the Priest hath forgoe,
but pride wil come down, God-a-mercy good Scot.

The second part. To the same Tune.



But is there no hope now at such a dead list, (longer
what must they be packing that fain would stay
To break up the Parliament is there no shitt?
and fill this our Nation with erro; more stronger,
For dare they repole any faith in their Creed,
since there Avi-mary doth fail them at need,
The House is acquainted with ebery fine plot,
their minys is blown up, God-a-mercy good Scot.

With Scripture's divine they do play at fast and loose,
to fast a whole sochtight they'l make you believe,
And turne holy wxit to fast Capon and Cose,
yet make the unlearned fast every Saint Eve,
Their guts is their god, Religion they mock,
to pamper their flesh they would famish the flock,
To preach and to pray they have almost forgot,
which now they'l be taught, God-a-mercy good Scot.

Although this faire Iland abound with such crimes,
it all by the Parliament yet shall be purg'd,
So that all god subjects shall see better times,
although that Projectors doe feare to be scourg'd;
Then let us not faint like men without hope,
a halter for Traytors, a fig for the Pope,
Let Spaine and the Strumpet of Babylon plot,
yet we shall be safe, God-a-mercy good Scot.

Habe you no more Books by whole cart loads to burne,
sent o're from beyond sea unbound up in hasse,
You see that our Nation's not like so; to turne,
your English Composers have studied in wasse,
The Hang-man with burning the last was so heat,
it's doubtfull that he a great surfeit did get,
for since he is dead, yet the sonne he begot,
can work on his trade well, and tye the right knot.

The Piser shall never liberali give to the poore,
and one man all trading no more shall ingrosse,
The City shall cozen the Country no more,
to build up their sochtunes on other mens losse,
Oppression shall down while Justice doth smile,
fierce Riot and Popery shall vanish this Isle,
Religion shall flourish without any spot,
if this come to passe, God-a-mercy good Scot.

FINIS.

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